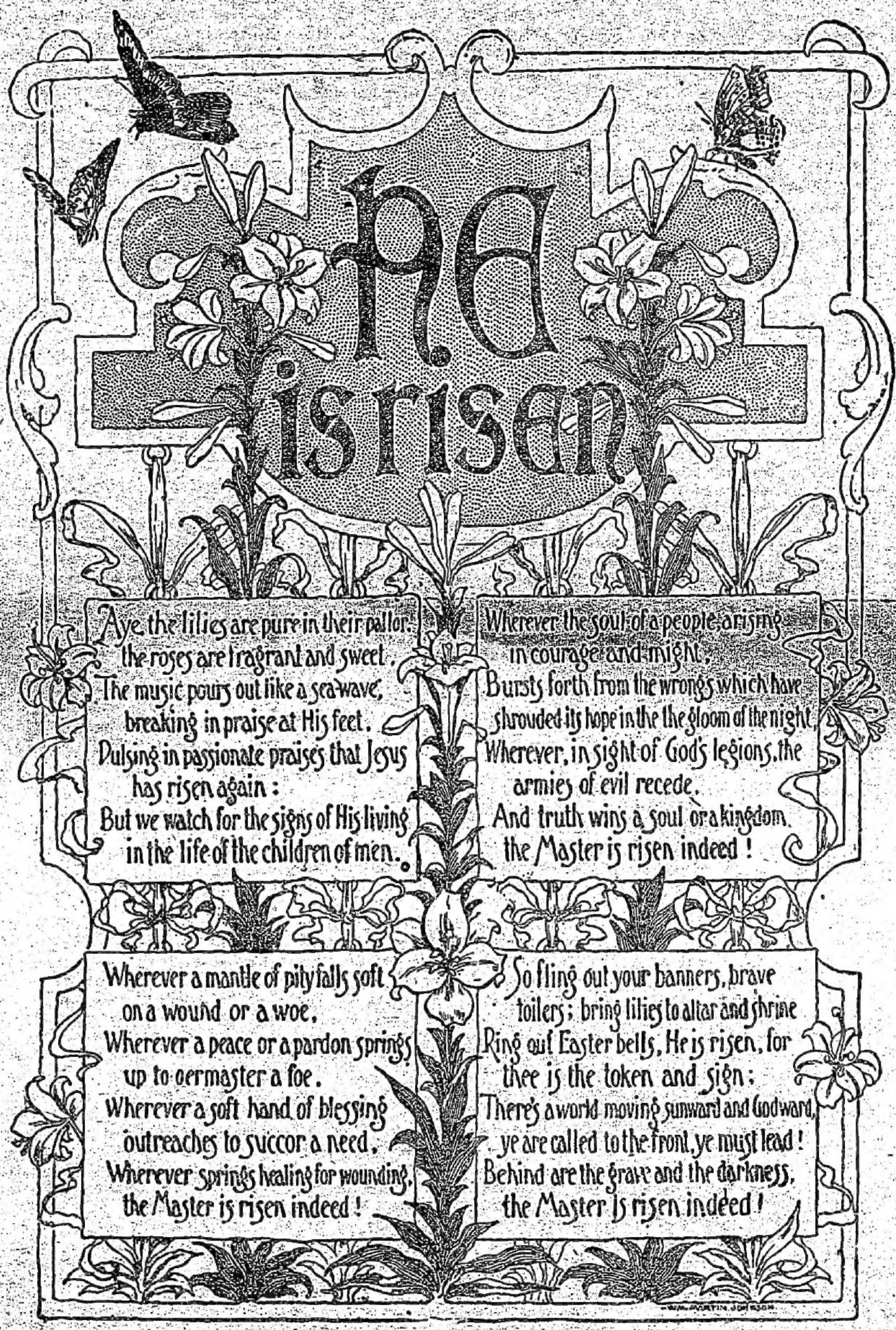
Lillie Pozer

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXII., No. 16. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1897. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.


He is risen.
Aye, the lilies are pure in their pallor,
the roses are fragrant and sweet,
The music pours out like a sea-wave,
breaking in praise at His feet.
Pulsing in passionate praises that Jesus
has risen again:
But we watch for the signs of His living
in the life of the children of men.
Wherever the soul of a people arising
in courage and might,
Bursts forth from the wrongs which have
shrouded its hope in the gloom of the night,
Wherever, in sight of God's legions, the
armies of evil recede,
And truth wins a soul or a kingdom,
the Master is risen indeed!
Wherever a mantle of pity falls soft
on a wound or a woe,
Wherever a peace or a pardon springs
up to oermaster a foe,
Wherever a soft hand of blessing
outreaches to succor a need,
Wherever springs healing for wounding,
the Master is risen indeed!
So fling out your banners, brave
toilers; bring lilies to altar and shrine
Ring out Easter bells, He is risen, for
thee is the token and sign;
There's a world moving sunward and Godward,
ye are called to the front, ye must lead!
Behind are the grave and the darkness,
the Master is risen indeed!

—'Church Evangelist.'

Look Up.

A man sat in his study. Books lined the walls around him, and all over the table were scattered books. There lay open before him a huge volume, and he was earnestly studying its pages. His face was lined with anxious thought, and his eyes, when he lifted them—which he did but rarely—wore a baffled and an almost hopeless look. Though he was still but in the prime of his manhood, his hair was white at the temples.

He was one of those whose cry had entered into the ears of the Son of God. And the Son of God came into this book-lined room, and stood where, if the man did but lift his eyes, he could see him; but the man lifted not his eyes, and the time passed on—but still the Son of God stood there.

And the face of the man grew more sad and gloomy. At last he spoke:

'I cannot find him,' he said, in accents of despair; 'I cannot see him! I have read books of theology till my brain reels with the knowledge in them, but I cannot see him in them. I would give them all for one sight of his face!'

And yet he did not look up, or thrust the books from him.

'If I could have but one sight of his face,' he said, 'only one glimpse, my loveless life would not matter, for my lost ambition I would not care one iota! But I cannot see him. Surely if ever I am to see his face on this earth, and catch the radiance from it so that it may shine out from my face, and show to the world that I have been with Jesus, I shall find out how to here,' and, with with a sigh, he drew again towards him the ponderous volume. And all the while, if he had but cast the book from him and looked up, he would have seen that which his heart ached to see—the face of the loving Jesus, the face of the Son of God! But he looked not up and the Christ passed on.

And the Son of God came to a garden. The bees hummed in the air, and the carnations and roses and lilies made it sweet with their perfume. Overhead was a deep blue sky, with little cloudlets tinged with gold floating therein, and under foot was the sweet green grass.

And a woman walked in the garden.

She was tall and lovely to look upon, but her face was sad, and her eyes were cast on the ground as she walked slowly along. And she also was one of those whose cry had entered into the ears of the Son of God.

And the Son of God walked near her in the garden, but she saw him not.

'I am weary,' she said, 'weary of hope. I have hoped and longed and prayed to see the Son of God, and the vision has not been granted! And doubts are thick closing in on my brain. Oh, for the faith that can see thee! Oh, for the heart that can realize thee! Oh, my God, my God, why has thou forsaken me? Why hast thou hidden thy face far from me? For as the hart panteth after the water-brook, even so panteth my soul after thee! Oh, I pray thee, reveal thyself, let me see thee. Oh, God, dear father, the agony, the pain of my soul, surely there is no agony so awful as the agony of a soul striving after God, if haply it may find him and see him! Oh, Christ, make me to know thee, make me to feel thee within me, and above all, oh, let me see thee!'

And he, whom she thus agonized to see, stood near her; but she still looked downwards, brooding over her doubts; and so she missed the glorious vision of the Son of God, who stood there waiting for her but to raise her eyes and see him.

But she went by him, and raised not her eyes, and the Son of God passed on. And it was to him as the agony of Gethsemane and Calvary, and he travailed in soul exceedingly.

And the Son of God came to a chapel, and he entered in.

It was deserted save for one man who knelt there.

And he also was one of those who had prayed that he might see the face of the Son of God.

And the Christ stood near him, but the man saw him not.

And the man prayed.

And he prayed that people might see that they were and must be eternally lost unless they accepted his creed. And he forgot that it is not creeds that save, nor good works, but the Lord Jesus alone.

And the man thought that unless people accepted a certain doctrine that he believed in they could never see the face of the Son of God; and he was so certain himself of inheriting eternal life, and seeing the face of Jesus, because he accepted that doctrine, that he rose from his knees, and, passing by his waiting Lord, went out of the chapel without seeing his face.

And the heart of the Son of God grew very sorrowful, and his brow grew sad and again he passed on.

And the Son of God came to a forest, and lying on the green sward under the shadow of the trees, with the sunlight playing through the leaves above and glancing down on him, lay a man.

And he also had cried that he might see the face of Jesus. And the Son of God, Jesus of Nazareth, came and stood over him, but the man lifted not his head, and so saw not the marred face of the living Christ! And the man agonized in spirit.

'Oh, God,' he cried, 'I have repented, ay, bitterly, of my sins. Wilt thou grant unto me the vision of the face of thy Son?'

But he raised not his head, else would he have seen it.

'I have repented so earnestly of my sins,' he went on, 'and yet has not the vision been granted unto me. Oh, Christ Jesus, wilt thou let me see thy face?'

And he had but to raise his head and see the full glory of it.

But he raised it not. Truly he had repented, but he had forgotten to bring forth the fruits meet for repentence—he had forgotten to rise and get to work for his master—not yet had he passed beyond the first stage of repentance.

And the Christ stood there; but at last he passed on. And his face grew more sad, and his heart waxed more sorrowful, and he travailed in soul more exceedingly.

And the Son of God came to a city, and he passed through the broad streets where the grand houses were, till he came to a narrow street, in the houses of which the people lived together more like animals than men and women. And the Christ entered a room in one of the houses.

It was a small room, with only a bed and a chair and a rickety table in it, but it was very clean. And a woman was in it, standing by the bed, and she also had prayed that she might see the face of the Son of God. On the bed lay a little child, pale and thin, fast asleep. And the woman stood and looked at the child, and a smile played round her mouth, and lit up her sad and patient eyes.

And the Son of God stood near her.

The woman's face bore the seal of suffering, but her own pain had but led her to feel more for others in like case. And as she looked at the child an infinite pity yearned within her for it, and such as it, who are called to suffer pain, and have naught to help them bear it!

'Dear God,' she prayed, 'I thank thee so, that thou hast given me the means wherewith I may help these little ones to bear their pain! Oh, father, thou hast led my feet by a rough way, and I could not always see the wisdom of it, but I knew that thou did'st know best! And it has been well with me—oh, God, I can say that! It has been very well with me. Though thou didst cast me down to the depths, though thou didst take from me the one whom I loved better than my own life, I can say, "it is well," for it was in thy great wisdom that thou didst so. It was far better for me! Oh, God, make me perfect in suffering. I am so unworthy of thy mercies!' And she raised her eyes, full of tears, to heaven. 'And, oh, dear Lord,' she entreated, 'let me one day see thy face!'

And this woman, who had been tried in the furnace of suffering, and had come out purer, with a forgetfulness of self, only wishing to follow in the footsteps of Jesus, turned towards the door, and standing there, with a radiance on his face and a splendor in his marred visage which dazzled her, stood the Son of God.

And so the woman saw Jesus, and the radiance on his face was reflected in hers, and the people round about her knew that she had seen Jesus.—'London Sunday-school Times.'

What a Little Book Did.

Often the most bitter opponents of the Christian religion are turned to it by the medium of a seemingly trifling circumstance.

Mr. S. A. Blackwood relates that he was travelling on the top of a coach from London to Croydon, and after discussing the topics of the day with one who sat beside him, he turned the conversation to the things of heaven, to the disgust of another passenger sitting near, who talked of 'canting hypocrites,' etc., and when the coach stopped left his seat. In descending, the pocket of his coat opened, and Mr. Blackwood dropped in a little book entitled 'Eternal Life.'

When the gentleman reached home and emptied his pockets he found, amongst other things, a small book that he knew nothing of, and, reading its title he at once guessed who had put it there, and in his rage he tore it to pieces, and threw it inside the fender.

When he returned from town the next day his ire was increased by finding the pieces on his toilet table. He immediately rang the bell, and asked the servant why they had not been destroyed. And when she replied that in gathering them up she had seen the word 'eternity,' and did not like to burn them, she was angrily ordered from his presence.

When the servant had gone he began to look for the word that had so arrested her attention, and then he sought to connect sentences by strips of paper that one buys around stamps, and managed in this way to fasten the book together. He became converted by reading it.

One day when Mr. Blackwood was walking in Cheapside he was startled by the exclamation, 'You are the man!' and a ragged book was held up to his astonished gaze. He disclaimed all knowledge of that particular book, and was then informed of the circumstances related above, and of the spiritual change in the heart of the gentleman that had taken place by means of it.—'Gospel News.'

Boys and Girls.

[For the 'Messenger.'

Eva's Little Errand.

A HYMN STORY.

(By Anstance Rede.)

CHAPTER I.

'JESUS HAS LOVED ME.'

Evangeline Evans walked down East Ninth street on Easter Sunday with a bright face but not with the newest of dresses. Her hat was the felt one she had had all winter, and she wore a serviceable shawl instead of a pretty jacket.

'Easter hat! Easter hat!' shouted some little boys and a couple of stones flew along the street in Eva's direction, fortunately not so well aimed as to strike the offending hat or its owner. Eva was often hooted by the small boys of Ninth street who were told by the priests that she was a wicked woman and a witch. The first they had actually seen of her depravity was this appearing on Easter Sunday without so much as a new flower or a piece of a feather in her hat.

Eva walked rapidly on, not only to get out of the region where stoning was a popular pastime, but because she did not wish to be late for dinner at her aunt's. The house was at some distance and she would not take the car.

'Why, Eva dear!' said the cousin who opened the door, giving a little gasp of horror at the sight of the shawl. Then she greeted her kindly and led her into the sitting room, where Aunt Dorothy sat with her spectacle case lying across the open bible on her lap. The orphan niece received a warm kiss and a command to lay off her—wrap, at once, as dinner couldn't wait.

'But, really, Eva,' protested Mabel, 'your winter cloak was bad enough!'

'Doesn't it look like a cape?' asked Eva humbly, 'I thought it looked quite like a cape fastened this way.'

'Listen, mother, she thinks it looks like a cape. You would think she had been to Madame Delaine's and chosen the most stylish thing she could find.'

Mabel's merry voice always did her cousin good, no matter what she said. So Eva answered apologetically, 'I could have come without a wrap of any kind if I had had my new dress, but it won't be finished till next week—'

'Now, isn't that just like you, dear, dear,' said Mabel with *mock* plaintiveness, 'Eva, you are really incorrigible, I suppose you will have a straw hat too, will you, sometime about the end of the summer?'

'The little boys on Ninth street threw stones at my hat,' said Eva, smiling to see the horror, partly real and partly assumed, on her cousin's face. 'They thought, like you, Aunt Dorothy, that every one should have new clothes at Easter. I should have been very glad to have some, but I have been a little short of money lately, and a few days doesn't make much difference. No, they didn't hit me; I have only once been struck with a stone and that just grazed my elbow.'

'You didn't tell us. When was that?'

'Oh, in January, it didn't hurt worth mentioning.'

'But you were afraid to tell us, all the same; Ah ha!' said Mabel gaily. 'You knew we would have insisted on your coming here, and that would have spoiled your little plan of boarding in the slums.'

'It is not the slums, Mabel,' said Mrs. Jenkins, reprovingly. 'There is *no occasion* to make things worse' than they are. Eva's locality is perfectly respectable, though not what I would consider a suitable place for an Evans. Do you still find your boarding-house tolerably comfortable, my dear?'

'Oh, yes, Aunt Dorothy,' replied Eva, quickly, but she blushed a little, for her Aunt's plain little Sunday dinner, to which a small desert of jelly had been added in honor of the occasion, seemed to her an ideal of luxury compared with the monotony of fried sundries and vapid soup that formed her ordinary diet. 'Of course, it is very different from the slums,' she added.

'Well, you know what I have always said, Evangeline,' said the old lady, with somewhat formal emphasis, 'my offer is always open to you. Any day that you intimate a wish to come here, I will ask Mrs. Fulford to look for another room. And you shall come here and pay only what you are paying where you are; and as you won't be tempted to spend your money on this and that for people in the streets that ought to look after themselves, you will be able to dress in a more becoming manner, not in the richest materials, of course, that is not desirable, but modestly and yet stylishly, as Mabel does.'

Mabel tapped her spoon on her saucer with a slight grimace, at this conclusion. Eva looked up pleasantly.

'Thank you, Aunt Dorothy, it's very kind of you, too kind altogether. I almost think I would come if I were not so happy where I am.'

'So happy! Well, what a girl you are,' cried Mabel, and Mrs. Jenkins began to remark in her deliberate manner upon the floral decorations of St. George's and the forwardness of the season.

But after dinner there was a quiet talk between the aunt and the erratic niece.

'Tell me, my dear, do you really find a satisfaction in doing for these people. Of course most of the poor are undeserving. Do you find your proteges grateful?'

'Some of them are, Aunt. The girl I gave my old shoes to is grateful every time I see her. Sometimes I go round a corner to avoid seeing her, for I don't know why she should be so very thankful to me just for giving her some shoes and stockings—about a month ago, too. She did need them so badly, you would have given them to her yourself if you had seen hers. And she has kept her work and has bought herself an umbrella this week, wasn't that sensible? instead of a hat with feathers.'

'Wasn't your brown cloak thick enough to keep the rain off her?' asked Mabel, who was pretending to read by the window, 'or did you give that to somebody else?'

Eva looked a little out of countenance but went on without noticing the interruption. 'And the Mrs. Brown that I board with is so nice, Aunt Dorothy. She scolds her children a good deal, I suppose she has to, seeing there are seven of them; but she is always so pleasant to me, and anxious to do things for me. And the older children come with me to the children's meeting at the hall and I feel as if I were their aunt, or something.'

'That may be all very well if you like it; it would not be at all to my taste,' replied her aunt. 'But have you not discouragements and disagreeable experiences? I should think you must often meet with disillusion. You start out thinking so highly of all these wretched creatures, and they are hardly ever deserving of it, my dear, hardly ever.'

'Oh, yes, there are discouragements,' said Eva, slowly. She could not tell her aunt all the things that she and the other ladies connected with the mission had to endure. 'And sometimes I find I have been mistaken about a person and that makes me feel badly, of course, but I am careful only to make friends with people who seem nice, and then even if they are not so very deserving I like to do what I can, because they need a little friendliness and I love some of them very much.'

'You cannot love people who are not deserving, my dear, that would not be reasonable. As for the few really deserving cases,

Wonderful Saviour!

Words by J. W. MacGill.

Tune, Batiste's Andante, from 'Christian Worker Music,' by kind permission.

Je sus has loved me— won - der - ful Sa - viour! Je - sus has
Chorus—Glo - ry to Je - sus— Won - der - ful Sa - viour! Glo - ry to
loved me, I can - not tell why; . . . . Came He to res - cue
Je - sus, the One I a - dore; . . . . Glo - ry to Je - sus—
sin - ners all worth - less, My heart He con - quer'd—for Him I would die.
won - der - ful Sa - viour! Glo - ry to Je - sus, and praise ev - er - more.

Jesus has saved me—wonderful Saviour!
Jesus has saved me, I cannot tell how;
All that I know is He was my ransom,
Dying on Calvary, with thorns on His brow.
Glory to Jesus, etc.

Jesus will lead me—wonderful Saviour!
Jesus will lead me, I cannot tell where;
But I will follow, through joy or sorrow,
Sunshine or tempest, sweet peace or despair.
Glory to Jesus, etc.

it is no doubt a pleasure to feel that you sometimes aid a worthy person, but charity is quite different from affection. Why should you love any of them ?'

'I don't know,' said Eva. A certain light came into her eyes and she added softly, 'I don't know, either, why our Lord loved us.'

'My dear ! you would not make a comparison—'

'Oh, no,' said Eva, gently, 'I only meant—'.

'Well,' said Mabel, slamming her book shut, 'for all you may say, I don't see the good of being just as poor as those people are yourself, and trying to do them good. After working in an office all day I should think you would want some fun at night. And as for going without clothes so that other people might have some, I'd rather be excused. If you lived here, Eva, you could go with a first-rate set of girls, and you could love them without giving them your clothes. At least you would hardly be thanked for them if they were the clothes you wore last winter. How you can prefer to live as you do is beyond me. I don't understand it.'

Eva thought of the words, 'The love of Christ constraineth us,' but she did not say them for that was just what Mabel did not understand.

CHAPTER II.

'JESUS HAS SAVED ME.'

The next morning as Eva walked to the store where she assisted in the dressmaking department, she caught up to a girl she had seen occasionally, who stood behind a counter downstairs. She had noticed the pretty and reserved manner that distinguished this young woman even among a very nice set of shop girls, and felt that she had found someone that it would be a real pleasure to talk to.

'Good morning, Miss Elstow.'

'Good morning,—is it Miss Evans ?' said the graceful girl with a dignified bend of her head.

'Yes, I hope we are early.'

'It was just a quarter to eight when I passed St. George's.'

'Oh, do you come from above there ?'

'Yes, sometimes. Have you seen the show of early flowers in Madison Square, Miss Evans ? It is almost as good as last year's. The tulips are hardly as fine, I think, but there is a great variety.'

'I have not been to see them yet,' replied Eva. 'I had such lovely tulips last year,' she sighed, and broke off—' I must go to the flower show some day this week.'

'Yes, it reminds one of old friends,' murmured Miss Elstow with a side look at Eva, half sentimental and half saucy. 'Even Madison Square has its attractions; "The old order changeth."'

This pointed way of hinting that both girls had 'come down in the world,' was not lost on Eva. She turned cheerfully on Miss Elstow and continued her quotation :

'"The old order changeth yielding place to new, and God fulfils himself in many ways."'

Effie's only reply was a stately bow as they parted at one of the doors of the great establishment, but an irrepressible twinkle in her blue eyes showed how pleased she was to have met her match in repartee.

Eva thought often during the morning of the strange, bright young lady with her society manners, and her piquant smile. She hoped she would see her often, but she was quite surprised when Effie sought her out at the dinner hour.

'Help me finish my lunch, like a dear,' said Effie, offering a paper containing macaroons. 'Yes, they are not numerous, but they are perfectly fresh, "the old order," you know. I have them every other day. It's a peculiar way of doing things,' she added, as Eva expressed her thanks in some surprise at this taking lunch so early. 'I like lunch at half-past two. I could always eat something at lunch-time "when all the world was young." Now, Miss Evans, tell me what you do with yourself in the evenings,—when you don't go out,' she added quickly, with an apologetic smile.

'Well,' said Eva, 'I read or sew a little, and sometimes have children in to see me, or one of the girls, if I don't go out, but I often spend part of the evening at the Helping Hand Mission. It is just a few steps from where I live, and they have something every night. I am reading one of Henty's books now on Tuesdays and Fridays to my landlady's little boys, and a girl who lives next door brings her sewing in so as to listen. It's great fun.'

Effie walked to the window with a little gesture of impatience, but she controlled herself at once, and said politely, 'I have no doubt you find that pleasant.'

She looked out of the window for a few minutes and then up at the clock. Then she looked down and said in a hard, weary tone, 'There is no use in trying to do as if one were rich. I could have been respected and snubbed as a governess in my cousin's house, but that is just what I won't be. The head of our department is going to take me to the theatre to-night. I do not think much of him, you know, but I must have some life and I will not have it just by other people's suffrance. You are one of the good kind, but I have given up thinking that any thing matters. If God had wanted me to be good, he needn't have taken away my father and my money.' Her hopeless, defiant, manner turned to a haughty one and she walked away without looking at the companion to whom she had been telling her thoughts as she seldom told them.

Evangeline looked up at the slight figure and well-poised head disappearing through the door way, with a sort of helpless fear. It is the sorrow of a frank and kindly nature that attracts confidences even where it has no power to help. And as she worked away at button holes two feelings made her heart sick and her mind rebel ; the horror of a danger she had never been near, and the echo of a bitter thought she knew too well, 'He needn't have taken away my father.'

'Are you sick to-day, Miss Evans,' one of the girls asked, 'you have looked white ever since noon.'

'I feel all right, thank you,' said Eva with a smile, 'you look tired yourself, Miss Smith, don't get up, I'll go for the pattern-book,' and as she walked across the room she hummed unconsciously a little bit of a tune from one of the hymns they had sung the night before at the mission :

'There's no one to save you but Jesus.'

Yes, that was the hope for Effie as it had been for her. She had been saved from a morbid rebellious selfish life—how near she had been to it after her parents died ! And though it might seem harder for Effie to be saved out of her differing temptation, it was really just as possible for God. Jesus does save. She wore a brighter face the rest of the afternoon and got a good deal of work done. She could pray for Effie if she could do nothing else for her. She could not see her that evening as the girls downstairs went home a little earlier than the dressmakers, and she did not know where Miss Stowell lived, so she had no possible responsibility just now for 'the other fatherless girl,' except to pray for her.

It was with rather a faint heart that Eva gathered her little group of children about her that Monday evening for their bible lesson at the mission hall, but this, too, was part of her duty. She must try not to think of Miss Stowell, but of Robbie Deans and Pete Phelan and Perky (Jim) whose other name was Edward Moran. She had some good pictures illustrating the life of David, and the one she showed this evening was that of Samuel anointing the shepherd boy to be king.

'Who's them ?' shouted one of the boys as soon as she held it up.

'Wait till every one gets a good look at it,' she answered. 'Now, I'll tell you. That man in the middle is Samuel.'

'Man! I thought it was a lady. And who's the other blokies ?'

(To be Continued.)

Her Easter Offering.

(By Isabelle E. Mackay, in 'Endeavor Herald.')

The afternoon sunshine of a glorious day in early spring fell softly over the fields and meadows of Broadview Farm ; it shone warmly through the branches of the yet leafless trees, making bright reflections in the flowing pails of sap standing ready for busy sugar-makers, and danced gladly on the merry brook where the first fisherman of the season enticed minnows with a primeval fish hook of bended pins. In fact, it seemed determined to creep in everywhere, this sweet spring sunshine, even the drawn blinds and closed shutters of the best parlor at the farmhouse could not shut it out; it peered through the chinks and crevices with a perseverance worthy of its good cause, and fell through the slanted shutters in broad bars of yellow light.

Perhaps you wonder what the sunlight found attractive in Broadview parlor—certainly not the stiff, high chairs and haircloth sofa all swathed in dingy linen wrappers, and certainly not the case of glaring worsted flowers, or the cold, blank fire-place, or the crazy wood-cuts in tarnished frames done up in pink netting to keep the flies off ('As if any fly could live in that room !' said Marjorie). No, there was nothing sweet or lovely in the damp, misty, chilling air of this carefully shut up 'best' room, which was only opened when the minister came to call, and he always had a cold after it, poor fellow. But the room had a visitor this morning in the person of Miss Marjorie Elliott, step-daughter of the lady of the house, and perhaps it was she who brought the sunshine. At any rate, it was a common saying that she did, and I, for one, wouldn't accuse the sunshine of bad taste, as a prettier, kinder, sweeter girl than Marjorie never lived. A great many of her friends agreed with me in this, especially Tom McDonald—but then, Tom, though a handsome, jolly Scotchman was a little wild, and not half good enough for Marjorie.

On this particular morning she was engaged in cleaning the parlor, generally a thankless and tiresome task—shaking out the heavy, ugly rag rugs, dusting the centre table with its usual weight of unread and unreadable books, and carefully removing on the corner of her apron any grains of dust which might have lodged in the ears of the china dogs on the mantel-piece. I am almost tempted to let you imagine Marjorie for yourselves, but on second thought, as

you might not do her justice, I will try to describe her. There she stands—a rather small, slight figure, clothed in a trim print dress covered with a large, coarse working apron; a big duster held firmly in her small brown hand, and a dustcap (whose use is not easily seen but which is decidedly ornamental) perched on top of the rippling gold-brown hair just one shade lighter than the soft, deep eyes which are at present full of anxiety for the welfare and cleanliness of the china dog. Her nose is small and perfect; her mouth, not small, is perfect also; and surely all these charms combined with 'cheeks like the rose, and lips like the cherry' are more than enough to make anyone wish, like the sunshine, to be as near her as possible.

To-day she felt very happy, and hummed over her work the tune of the solo she was to sing in the Christian Endeavor meeting to-morrow night. It was to be a very special meeting in more ways than one, for to-morrow was Easter Sunday, and Tom McDonald—handsome, good-hearted, careless Tom—had promised to attend. She had been praying for this for a long time, and to-morrow her prayer was to be answered. Nobody knew what gladness the answer brought to her, or how her thoughts had yearned over this wayward sheep, or how precious was every sign of his coming back. Only last night he had said, when in fear and trembling she had asked him to the Easter meeting:

'Why, yes, Miss Elliott, if you will let me be your escort; one should always go in for something new on Easter.'

And although this seemed scarcely the orthodox frame of mind she welcomed it gladly as her heaven-sent answer. There were other causes for thankfulness, too—the society had grown greatly in spiritual life during the short ministry of their present pastor, and this Easter meeting was to be an 'offering' meeting, when each of the members brought something to give to the poor or sick. Marjorie's gift was to be neither money nor food nor clothing, but it was the most precious thing she had—her Easter lily. This flower, which she had raised from a tiny shoot, had proved for months past the joy and pride of her life. Perhaps no flower was ever more carefully tended or more anxiously watched. When the buds appeared, growing daily longer, whiter and more fragrant, it was almost a grief at first to think that the unfolding stage would soon be over, but when the flowers, a little before Easter, opened into perfect bloom, Marjorie decided that this plant, so white and sweet and pure, should be her Easter offering to Christ.

'I say, Marjorie,' called a shrill voice in at the door as she finished her dusting and replaced the last ornament on the mantelpiece, 'mother says you've been a precious long time dustin' this room and if you don't get a pretty big hustle on them potatoes will never be peeled for dinner—you'd better hurry up, I guess—she ain't cross at all, I suppose, oh, no!' with which sarcastic comment the youngest Mr. Elliott walked majestically away whistling 'Ise travelling back to Georgia' with great gusto.

Marjorie smiled for a moment and then sighed—just a ghost of a sigh, for she was not a girl to make much of her daily trials or lose her good temper because of them. What these trials were I need not pause to tell, for given a sensitive girl and a stepmother careless, unloving, if not actually harsh, with loud voice and coarse ways, they can be more easily imagined than described. Giving one more look around the gloomy room to see that nothing was out of place by so much as half an inch, and carefully folding the dustcap and duster away, Marjorie entered the large, bright kitchen—looking as usual, to the cheery south window for a sight of her beloved lily before attacking the forbidding pile of potatoes on the side table. What was the matter?—it was gone, and there was Mrs. Elliott, with a very red and angry face, scrubbing some dark stains off the otherwise spotless floor. Before she could conquer the strange sinking at her heart her mother turned and saw her.

'Oh, here you are at last,' she began in a high, shrill voice, 'well you needn't stand there as if you were moonstruck, and all them potatoes to do, leavin' me to do all the kitchen work while you fool away your time in the parlor! And to make bad worse, look here and see what your hothersome lily has done—all over my clean floor, on Saturday morning, too. If I catch that little imp of a Samuel I'll teach him to rush around knocking over everything that's got any dirt in it—I'll—' but Marjorie had disappeared through the open door, her heart full to overflowing with the thought that something had happened her lily. A few steps to the window and she knew what—there it lay, broken and bruised, crushed out of all beauty, its white leaves torn and stained; a complete wreck of what an hour ago had been so lovely—and all her mother cared for was the dirt on the clean floor! That was after all the bitterest thought; if she had only shown a little sympathy it would have been so much easier to bear the disappointment—as it was she sighed heavily and turning away went back to peel the potatoes for dinner. There was nothing to be said, so she said nothing. She felt too utterly sorry to be angry even with Sammy, the mischievous cause of the accident; all she could think of was the fact that she had now nothing to give to the Easter offering. The beautiful flower whose fragrance was to have come as a breath of summer to some weary invalid was dead, and its sweet mission would never be fulfilled. What would they all think of her at the Christian Endeavor, she wondered—now that she had nothing to give. She would stay home altogether only that would be cowardly, and then there was Tom. Remembering this she felt that nothing on earth could keep her away from that meeting, for was not Tom going for the first time—the first time which she believed would be the beginning of many? At this thought she brightened up again, and when next morning she awoke to an Easter sky of cloudless blue and air like a refreshing draught, the last trace of depression took wings. 'What did it matter,' she thought, 'if her fellow members could give much and she nothing when Christ knew what had befallen her only treasure.'

So the day passed off calmly and brightly leaving many precious lessons on many hearts. One gem of truth from the morning's sermon stayed persistently in Marjorie's mind, and she repeated it slowly to herself as she flitted about that evening getting ready for her Endeavor meeting. It was this: 'The greatest gift God ever gave, without which all others were of none effect, was the gift of his Son. The greatest gift God asks is ourselves, without which all others are useless and in vain.'

'How true it was,' she thought, 'how simple, and yet how many, failing to catch the meaning, went on toiling to increase their store of gold and frankincense and myrrh but never once bringing themselves with it.'

As there was yet a half hour to the time of meeting, Marjorie tripped down into the old-fashioned garden, there to wait and pray for Tom. At the gate she was met by little Mary Baynes, a Sunday-school scholar of her own, whose white face and frightened eyes spoke plainly of some unusual errand.

'Oh, Miss Elliott,' began the child in a hurried whisper, 'will you come to mother right away—she's awful bad sence the doctor said she couldn't get better, and, so says she's a-dyin' fast—she wants you to come just dreadful; pa said I was to bring you.'

Here was a problem which would have puzzled an older head than Marjorie's. Her first impulse was to say she would not go. How could she, when Tom was coming to take her to Endeavor—Tom, who had not entered a church for years because he could not call himself a Christian? That solo, too; she had prayed earnestly over the effect it might have on Tom and others. How could she let her chance slip? Yet here was a case of dire need—Mrs. Baynes, a woman who had lived always in her own strength, was dying and needed help. The words of the morning sermon came back to her: 'If we do not give ourselves and our wills entirely to God, trusting in him, then our services are nothing in his sight.' Perhaps, after all, she was not the chosen instrument of God for the saving of Tom McDonald. Here was a call to other service that none but she could do. The broken lily flashed across her mind; she could not give her ruined flower—her 'will' would be her Easter offering.

'I will go with you at once, Mary,' she said kindly. 'Sammy, tell Mr. McDonald when he comes that I cannot go to Endeavor to-night—come, Mary,' and taking the child's hand she hurried away.

The sun was still setting when they entered the room where the dying woman lay. It was a poor room, dirty and unkept, and the air was heavy and unwholesome, but Marjorie's eyes were at once riveted on the pitiful face on the pillow—a white, agonized, dying face—the eyes so full of hopeless terror of the great darkness which was closing in around. At the sight of Marjorie they brightened with a gleam that seemed almost hope, and the weak voice gasped a welcome. 'Come nearer, Miss,' she whispered; 'I'm going fast—it is all darkness, I am so frightened—I've tried to lead a good life, I never drank or swore or beat the children—am I safe, do you think, Miss Marjorie? What shall I do, oh, what shall I do to be safe?'

'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved,' began Marjorie, softly, but the dying woman interrupted her with a despairing cry, 'How can I believe on Jesus Christ?—I don't know him—how can I know him now when I never knew him all my life?—I can't believe; tell me something else, Miss Marjorie—that's not for such a dying woman as me.'

'Yes, it is,' replied Marjorie, gently, 'but I'll tell it to you in another way.' And then she began the sweet old story which has brought so much gladness to this weary earth, how that Christ Jesus came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. When she had finished the tears were dropping down the sick woman's cheeks.

'It's very beautiful,' she said; 'I wish I had thought of it that way sooner—but I never thought I was a sinner before the darkness came. If I'd started in time I might have known him but it's too late now—though I ain't quite so afraid. Could you sing, Miss Marjorie? Maybe I could hear you better—your voice sounds far away.'

What would she sing? In that moment she could remember only one of all the hymns she knew—it was the solo she was to have sung in Christian Endeavor that night. So as the light paled out of the evening sky,

and the light of life in the sick woman's eyes darkened slowly, she sang:

'There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.'

'All,' murmured the weak voice, 'surely that means me.'

'O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too;'

'Love him, too,' sighed the listener; 'oh, I'd love Him if I dared, but it's too late now'.

'And trust in His redeeming blood
And try His work to do.'

'Trust,' she murmured; 'I can't work now but maybe I can trust.'

'He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,'

'I have always tried to make myself good,' came in a whisper from the bed.

'That we might come at last to heaven,' went on the sweet voice:

'Saved by His precious blood.
There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.'

As the last strain died away the sick woman raised herself eagerly, hopefully—'Will he let me in, Miss Marjorie? in heaven, where baby Alice went—the golden gates?' she gasped. 'He only can unlock the gate—oh, pray, pray that he will let me in.'

Marjorie dropped on her knees, and the haggard face fell back upon the pillow—'The golden gates—wide open,' she murmured—'for me.' The wild eyes closed, a smile crept over the white lips.

Marjorie prayed on, not knowing she was gone.

When a little while later she turned to leave the house, tired, but calm and happy in the thought that God had used her in bringing peace to one worn soul, a dark figure sitting in the shadow of the outer room came quickly forward, and even in the dim light she recognized the face of Tom McDonald—but how changed! The old careless look was there no longer; the brave blue eyes shone with determination and purpose.

'I followed you,' he said simply, 'wondering what could keep you from Endeavor; I have been here all the time. Oh, Marjorie, I never realized it all before—

'There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,'

the price of my sin—and it's all paid! He will unlock the gate for me, Marjorie, I know—because I asked him.'

Contemptible Vanity.

Twenty years ago a poor woman was left a widow in the city of New York with two children. She was honest, energetic and an expert laundress. She succeeded in keeping a comfortable home for her children and in educating them. Her ambition was not that they should be honest, energetic working people, but a 'lady and a gentleman.'

Emma, the daughter, was sent to a private school, taught superficial accomplishments, and to play on the piano and to dance. She made her way, through some of her school acquaintances, into families who would not have recognized the poor washerwoman, and wore gaudy clothes and cheap jewelry which her mother slaved to buy for her. She married a salesman in a retail shop, a man weak in body and mind. His scanty salary she wasted on finery for herself and her children, and when he lost his situation a year ago she came back with them to the mother whom she had so long declared was too 'vulgar' to acknowledge before the world.

Tom, her brother, was a keen-witted young fellow, whose only ambition was to be 'swell.' He had a place as copying clerk in a shop on the Bowery, but lost it at the beginning of the hard times two years ago, and remained idle, dependent on his mother. When her employer offered to give him a situation as a messenger or porter, he haughtily refused it, as he 'had not come into the world to do menial work.'

Last spring, the old washerwoman, worn out, at last fell ill, and Tom found himself starving. He picked a woman's pocket on a ferryboat, was caught in the act, tried and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. His defence was that he was starving.

'You could have sold the expensive clothes you wear, or that scarf-pin,' said his lawyer.

'No, sir,' Tom replied; 'I may be unfortunate, but I shall always dress and behave like a gentleman that I am.'

There is a sad, if not a shameful future for the boy or girl who has never learned at home that humble independence is better than polite shiftlessness.—'Woodbury Reporter.'

The Living Christ.

(By Mary Lowe Dickinson.)

Aye, the lilies are pure in their pallor; the roses are fragrant and sweet;
The music pours out like a sea-wave pulsing in praise at His feet,
Pulsing in passionate praises that Jesus is risen again,
But we look for the signs of His living in the hearts of the children of men.

Wherever a soft hand of pity falls soft on a wound or a woe;
Wherever a peace or a pardon springs up to o'ermaster a foe;
Wherever a tender heart's mercy out-reaches to succor a need;
Wherever springs healing for wounding, the Master is risen indeed.

Wherever the soul of a people arises in courage and might,
And flings off the grave-bands that shrouded its hope in the gloom of the night;
Wherever in sight of God's legions the armies of evil recede,
And truth wins a soul or a kingdom—the Master is risen indeed.

So fling out your banners, brave toilers, bring lilies to altar and shrine.
Ring out, Easter bells, He is risen. For you is the token and sign:—
There's a world moving sunward and Godward. Ye are called to the front, ye must lead;
Behind are the grave and the darkness; the Master is risen indeed.
—From 'Easter Thoughts.'

Do you want to know the man against whom you have most reason to guard yourself? Your looking-glass will give a fair likeness of his face.—Whateley.

Jennie's Prize.

'Oh, mother, what do you think? There was a gentleman at the Band of Hope to-night—a stranger—and he's promised a prize of five shillings to all the boys and girls that dont' miss one meeting for the next three months. Five shillings, mother! Just think of it! And only for going to the meetings. Won't it be nice if we all get it?'

Jennie spoke eagerly, and her excitement was fully shared by her brothers and sister.

'We'll have a good try for it, anyhow,' chimed in Walter. 'Tis a bother living so far away, for mother don't like Willie and Tot to go out when the weather's bad. But 'twould be jolly if we did get it. Why, it would be a whole sovereign! We could do a lot with a sovereign, couldn't we?'

'I tell you what we'll do,' said Jennie; 'we'll pay off the money that's owing for the sewing machine.'

Walter looked blank; the suggestion did not exactly suit his views. But when he glanced at his mother's white, worn face, the cloud on his brow lifted, and he responded heartily,

'Yes, that's a very good idea; then mother won't have to pinch and scrape to get the money ready for the machine man every week. But would a sovereign be enough to pay it off, mother?'

'It would be more than enough, my dear. I only owe fifteen shillings on it now.'

'But will the man like to wait three months for his money?' said practical Jennie.

'Perhaps not. I think I had better keep up my weekly payments, and let your money go for something else. We shall find a use for it, no fear.'

'I know what we can do,' said Walter; 'we'll buy the Christmas dinner.'

'Oh, yes, yes!' cried a chorus of eager voices.

'We didn't have a Christmas dinner last year,' he went on, 'nothing but a bit of bread and cheese—don't you remember, Jennie? But we'll make up for it this year. We'll have such a spread! Mother, how much do you s'pose a turkey would cost?'

'More than we shall have to spend, Walter, even if you get your sovereign,' she rejoined smiling. 'You must not be quite so extravagant in your notions. I shall be satisfied if we can afford a nice piece of roast beef.'

'Oh, yes, and a pudding; we must have a pudding,' said Jennie, 'And I should like some mince pies.'

The mother shook her head. 'No, mince pies are quite out of our reach. We might manage to get a few oranges and apples by way of dessert?'

The chorus of eager voices went on, suggesting one thing after another, until the mother again interfered.

'After all,' said she, 'I am not sure that it is wise to indulge in such pleasant castle building. You know there is an old proverb which tells us not to count our chickens before they're hatched, and we are by no means sure of the sovereign we're talking about.'

'Oh, yes, we are nearly sure of it,' said Walter. 'It is for all that don't miss a meeting—whether they're big or little. That's what the gentleman said, didn't he, Jennie?'

'Yes, and he said, too, that he hoped every boy and girl in the Band of Hope would get it.'

The weeks went by, and none of the children were more regular in their attendance at the meetings than the little Fentons. Through wind, rain, or snow they sallied out on Band of Hope nights, though their boots were not always by any means waterproof, and the mother could have told of

bad colds and sore throats which sometimes followed these outings. But they pleaded so hard to go that she could not find it in her heart to refuse them. Jennie had never before been so regular in attendance; she liked the meetings, and never missed when she could help it, but, being the eldest of the family, and her mother having to go out to work, she was sometimes wanted at home. And now it was often at a great sacrifice that her mother spared her.

The three months were almost up, and Jennie and her brothers and sister were counting confidently upon the sovereign, when the mother was unexpectedly called out. Sometimes, when any extra sewing was required at either of the big houses in the neighborhood, she would be called upon to take her machine and help. It was a summons of this kind that had come now, and she would not be back until a late hour at night.

Jennie was used to being 'mother,' but she remembered with a swelling heart that this was the evening of the Band of Hope meeting. She did not say a word to her mother, but when, on their return from school, Walter and the little ones began talking of the meeting, she had hard work to keep back her tears.

'Make haste and clear away the tea things, Jennie,' said Walter, when the meal was done; 'for you know we have to be in time as well as being there. We haven't been late yet, and it would be a pity to miss the prize.'

'I—I am not going,' faltered Jennie.

Walter and the others stared at her in open-mouthed astonishment.

'Why not?' demanded Walter. 'Mother didn't tell you to stop at home, did she?'

Jennie shook her head.

'Then why ain't you going?'

'Because if I go there won't be nobody to fetch dad home.'

There was silence. They all knew that every evening lately their mother had sallied forth to meet their father. He was a sawyer, and was at work in a wood some distance away. There was a public-house on the road, and he rarely passed it, for the drink had gained such a power over him that the open door of a drink shop was a well-night irresistible temptation. The road from this public-house was a lonely one, and not devoid of danger, for there was a large gravel pit to be passed, unprotected by any fence. It was the fear of this pit that led Mrs. Fenton to go out night after night to meet her husband.

'I wouldn't stop away from the meeting just for that,' Walter said, after a pause. 'Let dad get home as he can.'

'But Willie, the pit.'

'Oh, I daresay he wouldn't fall in. It'll be as dark as pitch, too. You'll be scared out of your wits.'

Jennie shuddered. She was a timid child; but the darker it was the greater the need of her going. And she was not to be turned out of the path of duty either by Walter's persuasions or the thought of the lost five shillings.

The others went to the meeting, and Walter talked all the way of Jennie's folly in forfeiting the chance of the prize just for the sake of fetching father home. But all the time there was a lurking uneasiness in his bosom; he felt himself a bit of a coward in not offering to go in her place. He was not nervous like Jennie. To him the darkness had no terrors, while he knew she would be trembling at every footfall, and quaking at every shadow.

It was wild and rough as well as dark and before Jennie had gone many yards from home the light in her lantern went out. Still she plodded on. She knew every step of the way, although the darkness and the wild shrieking of the wind filled her with alarm, and it was a great relief when the lights of the public-house came into view. But Jennie was not in the habit of going inside public-houses, and the rough voices and loud laughter frightened her. Her father had been drinking more heavily than usual that night, and when she at length ventured timidly inside the taproom, he angrily bade her begone. Jennie hurried out but dared not return home without him, and paced up and down in the cold and wind for hours—for it was not until closing time that her father appeared. But she was glad she had waited for he needed some one to guide his uncertain steps. Jennie shuddered to think what might have happened had he been left to pass the gravel pit alone.

The three months were up at last, and the children were assembled to receive their prizes. The room was crowded, for the parents and friends had been invited to look on at the prize-taking. The gentleman who gave the prizes expressed himself well pleased with the result, and then the superintendent read the names of the winners.

Walter, Willie, and Tottie Fenton's were among the number, but not Jennie's. When the superintendent came to the end of the names, however, he said there was one other which he thought ought to appear on the list, that of Jennie Fenton. It was true she had missed two or three meetings, but her father, who was in the room, would tell them the reason of her missing them.

And then Jennie's father, who had never made a public speech in his life, stepped on the platform, and, in a husky voice, and with dim eyes, told the tale. He told them how Jennie had set her mind on the prize, yet how, knowing she forfeited it by missing a meeting, she had nevertheless chosen to do this rather than leave him to find his way home alone by the dangerous gravel pit. He told, too, how angrily he had ordered her out of the tap-room, and how she had waited for him for hours in the cold, rain, and darkness, and guided him safely home. But the exposure had come near costing her her life, and ever since that night she had been lying on a sick bed. It was only a day or two since that the doctor had given them any hope of her recovery.

But this was not all he had to tell. Jennie's love and sacrifice had not been in vain; they had brought him to reflect upon his ways; he had taken the pledge of total abstinence, and intended, by God's help, to keep it.

When Mr. Fenton went back to his seat the superintendent asked the children if they did not think Jennie Fenton had fairly earned a prize, and was answered by a unanimous 'Yes.'

So the little Fentons had their sovereign after all, and Jennie recovered in time to have a voice in the spending of it. The sewing machine was already paid for, so they were free to expend it on Christmas fare. And what a dinner they had! Walter did not get his turkey, but they had a goose, which did as well, and mince pies, too, to say nothing of pudding, nuts, oranges and apples.

It was a very happy time, for hadn't father signed the teetotal pledge, and wasn't this bright Christmas the harbinger of bright days to come? As for Jennie, she found herself quite a heroine, and she forgot how dark and uncomfortable that memorable walk had been, and how she had shivered with cold and terror, in the wonderful and unexpected good that had come out of it.—Louie Slade, in 'Temperance Record.'

The Prayer That Availeth Much.

(By Sally Campbell.)

The best that we can do for our scholars is to pray for them. We have heard, many times repeated, the apt illustration of the blasting of Hell Gate, in the New York harbor. As then the touch of a child's hand on the wire set a power in motion which shook the great city and cast out the cruel danger which had for so long lurked at its entrance, so now, so always, the youngest, the feeblest, the simplest, and most obscure, can, by word, set in motion the greatest power in all the universe, the power of God unto salvation.

But gloriously true as it is that the mightiest weapon to be wielded in the war for righteousness is put in the grasp of the weakest, there is another truth for us to consider. Surely there must be a constant close, vital connection between the worth of a man's life and the worth of his prayers. What we teachers are determines the value of our intercession for our scholars.

There is a gentleman who lives just outside our town. He is a most faithful churchman, and his household after him. On Sunday and on Wednesday night his carriage may be found in the church sheds with punctual regularity. I have heard him pray in our union meetings during the week of prayer. I have been told many times how active the family are in their various church societies. Last summer a neighbor, in her marketing, went into a shop where there were some baskets of peaches on the counter. As she talked to the merchant, without thinking of what she was doing, she took one or two of the peaches in her hand and turned them over.

'Oh! you need not look at those,' said the man, smiling; 'those are Mr. Hall's peaches. They are just as good at the bottom as they are at the top. A lady bought a basket the other day, and she wanted them turned out so she could see just what they are; so I turned them out for her, and she said she believed they were better at the bottom than they were at the top. You are safe to trust Mr. Hall's fruit baskets. They are good all the way through.'

Nowadays, when I hear Mr. Hall pray in meeting, I remember his peaches, and I do not believe that God forgets them.

Of course, our prayers and efforts for our scholars should go together. 'Prayer and pains,' as an old proverb says, 'can do anything.' But I am not talking about that now. Nor am I talking about the indirect influence on our scholars, which helps or hinders our prayers for them; the involuntary tone or gesture, the overheard or repeated sentence, forgotten by us at once, but used by them ever after as a gauge of our sincerity. I am talking about the positive, profound influence of ourselves—our very inmost selves—upon the petitions we offer. All our daily walk and conversation tells on them.

There is a queer old man who sometimes takes part in a country prayer meeting. He has a way of saying, 'Let us all try to pray.' I would borrow his phrase. Let us try, in all our thoughts and words and ways, to pray—to make life a prayer.—'West. Teacher.'

At least three-fourths of the homicides committed in the United States are attributable, directly or indirectly, to the use of intoxicants. — Hon. J. C. Parker, Arkansas Judge, (1896).

Winnie's Queer Dream.

(Written and Illustrated by Katheleen Lucas.)

'Winnie, my dear,' said Mrs. Green, the doctor's wife, to her little daughter one afternoon, 'you know your six pinafores promised for the bazaar are all sold in advance, but I fear you will not have them ready. It would be a great satisfaction to me to know they were finished, and that my little girl had done something to help and gladden others.'

WINNIE'S QUEER DREAM.

Winnie winced at the remembrance of unfulfilled tasks, and putting her arm round her mother's neck, she said—

'Mother, dear, I will be a perfect slave this afternoon—you see if I won't.'

Then, gathering up her pinafores from a side table, she took them into the schoolroom, and, getting out her work-basket, sat down in an easy chair and began to stitch.

'I won't even "think,"' she murmured to herself, 'and then every bit of energy will be spent on the pinafores.'

For ten long minutes Winnie worked 'like a slave'—and then . . . she leaned back against a soft cushion in the chair, and shut her eyes—just for one minute, you know, to rest them!

Her mind rambled to stories of the fairies helping good people to accomplish almost impossible tasks in times gone by.

'What a pity there are no such things as wonders of that sort now!' she thought. 'Or is it that people are not good enough?'

'He! he!' sounded at Winnie's shoulder. 'If you would only use your eyes and ears properly, there are wonders enough going on all around; but, like most folks, you go about seeing only a quarter of what is taking place under your very nose. If only human beings could hear the remarks of the tools they use, for instance, they would get a little of their conceit taken out of them. You, Miss Clumsy, treated my sister in a most shameful manner last week, and deserve to be well punished.'

'Who are you?' tremblingly inquired Winnie.

'Open your eyes and you will see,' sharply replied the voice.

Winnie thought her eyes were open, but she strained hard to see more plainly, and gradually the denseness of her vision cleared, and, to her dismay, she perceived that all the familiar objects from her work basket were surrounding her in various threatening attitudes.

The speaker was a large, rusty needle, who had perched himself on the top of a reel of cotton and had stuck a thimble on his head. The reel of cotton was busy winding himself round and round her hair; three cards of darning wool were tying up her legs and hands, and the scissors, balanced on two bent bodkins, were ruthlessly snipping at her golden locks.

'Oh!' screamed Winnie, trying to get up. 'Let me go—pray let me go!'

A shout of laughter was the answer she received.

'Listen!' went on the needle, in a thin, sharp, pointed kind of voice. 'You bent my sister last week. till at last, poor thing, she snapped in two. And now look at me! I am so rusty that I can never work again. Think of the hundreds of needles you have mercilessly ruined. But worse than all is your neglect. For days and weeks we never see the light, and even now you keep us from doing our duty, which is, as you know, to run merrily in and out of that pinafore, you lazy, selfish creature.'

'Oh! don't!' sobbed Winnie. 'Let me go, and I will work my fingers to the bone.'

'Not yet, not yet!' squeaked the needle, and the scissors also made such a cutting remark that Winnie snapped out—

'Well, you may all be very clever but you are equally spiteful. If you were nice, you would set to work and finish that pinafore for me, seeing how behindhand I am.'

'Oh! listen to that,' they cried in chorus. 'Little miss, haven't you yet found out that we only help

those who use us well, and work us hard ?'

'Ah ! but I will work you hard once I am free again,' pouted Winnie, inwardly resolving she would pay out this rebellious crowd of work-basket oddments.

'That's right. Hurrah ! That's just what we want. Promise it three times three, and you shall go,' said the chorus.

'Once is quite enough,' retorted Winnie.

But they all surrounded her shouting, 'Promise, promise,' and against her will Winnie found herself repeating, 'I promise,' nine times. At the ninth the clock gave a loud, whirring chuckle, and began to strike—'One, two, three four—'

'Stop !' exclaimed Winnie, rubbing her eyes and jumping up. 'Do stop !'

'Five !' struck the clock remorselessly.

'Oh, it cannot be five o'clock yet! Have I been asleep nearly three hours ? What will mother think of me now ?' sobbed the little girl, snatching up her work and struggling to make up for lost time. But almost immediately the tea-bell rang, and she was obliged to put away her work and go to the drawing-room.

'Mother,' whispered Winnie, 'may I wait till the end of the week to tell you something ?'

'Certainly, dear,' was the comforting reply of her mother, who guessed a large amount of that something, though she did not say so.

Winnie sat down very subdued, and after tea worked hard at lesson preparation until bedtime.

When she had said 'good night,' she rushed downstairs to cook.

'Please, cook, will you wake me to-morrow and every day this week at six o'clock, as you go down in the morning ?' she asked.

'Lawks, miss, what be you a-goin' to be up to ? However, you will only go right off to sleep again ; so I don't mind giving you a rap,' said cook.

'No, indeed,' earnestly answered Winnie. 'Be sure you wake me, for I must get up and work for the bazaar.'

'Oh, well, miss, I'll be sure and wake you,' said cook, thinking to herself that it would be but labor wasted.

However, the next morning, at the first rap, Winnie sprang resolutely out of bed, and when she had finished dressing, she sewed hard until breakfast time. And not only that morning, but every day, until at the end of the week, on Saturday afternoon, she was able to take the pinafores finished to her mother, and then she told her of that afternoon's laziness and the queer dream. Mother's smile of pleasure when she heard of the early rising was almost as sweet a reward as the satisfaction of having accomplished something for others.

'You were a cross old thing,' was Winnie's playful remark to the rusty needle as she threw it away ; 'but you have taught me a good lesson, and I will try to profit by it.'—'Children's Friend.'

An Idle Day.

'If I could only have one whole day to do nothing but play in, how

happy I should be !' said Rosie to her mother at breakfast-time.

'Try it,' said her mother. 'Play as much as you like. Try it to-day.'

How the children going to school envied Rosie, as she swung on the gate and watched them passing by! No hard, long lessons for her. When they were gone, she ran into the garden, picked some gooseberries for a pudding, and took them into the kitchen.

'No, Rosie, that is work ; take them away.'

Rosie looked serious. She got her doll and played with it, but soon tired; her shuttlecock, but did not care for it ; her ball, it bounced into the kitchen window. Rosie peeped in. Mother was shelling peas.

'May I help you, mother ?'

'No, Rosie ; this isn't play.'

Rosie strolled away with slow, lagging footsteps to the garden again. She leaned against the fence and watched the chickens. Soon she heard her mother setting the table for dinner, and longed to help. After dinner, Rosie took her little bag of patchwork, and stole away to the barn with it, for she could stand idleness no longer.

'Mother,' she said, as she gave her good-night kiss, 'I understand now what teacher meant when she said, "He has hard work who has nothing to do." '—'Children's Treasury.'

Counting Up Her Mercies.

Once there was a poor old woman sitting in a chimney corner, and she always looked so happy that people wondered, who saw her bent, tired old shoulders and her wrinkled face and her knotty, pain-twisted hands. At last somebody said :

'Granny, what are you doing there all day ? How do you pass the time ?'

'Counting up my mercies, dear !' she answered cheerily. 'Such a blessed lot of 'em ! You can't think how many new ones I find every morning.—'Morning Star.'

Lead the Boy.

Of a loving household band
He's the joy ;
Father, may thy guiding hand
Lead the boy.
He's the child of hope and prayer ;
From the wily tempter's snare,
From the depth of dark despair,
Lead the boy.

May the memory of home
Ne'er depart,
Round the fireside altar cling
Loving heart.
In the future years to come
As he wanders far from home
Guard him through life's journey lone,
Lead the boy.

And when life is ended here
Safe at last,
Free from earthly strife and sin,
May he pass ;
To the higher realms above,
Where, redeemed by thy dear love,
Saved at last our prayers will prove—
Lead the boy !

—'Christian Herald.'

Temperance Catechism.

DIGESTION.

1. Q.—When the stomach has done its work it passes the partly digested food into a long tube which, though thirty feet long, is so coiled up that it takes little room and is called the 'intestines,' or 'bowels.' How is the digestion carried on here?

A.—The food is then mixed with two fluids; one from the liver, called 'bile,' and the other from the pancreas called 'pancreatic juice.'

2. Q.—What is the liver? and where is it situated in the body?

A.—It is the largest organ in the body, and weighs about fifty or sixty ounces. It is on the right side, in the upper part of the abdomen.

3. Q.—What is the function or work of the liver?

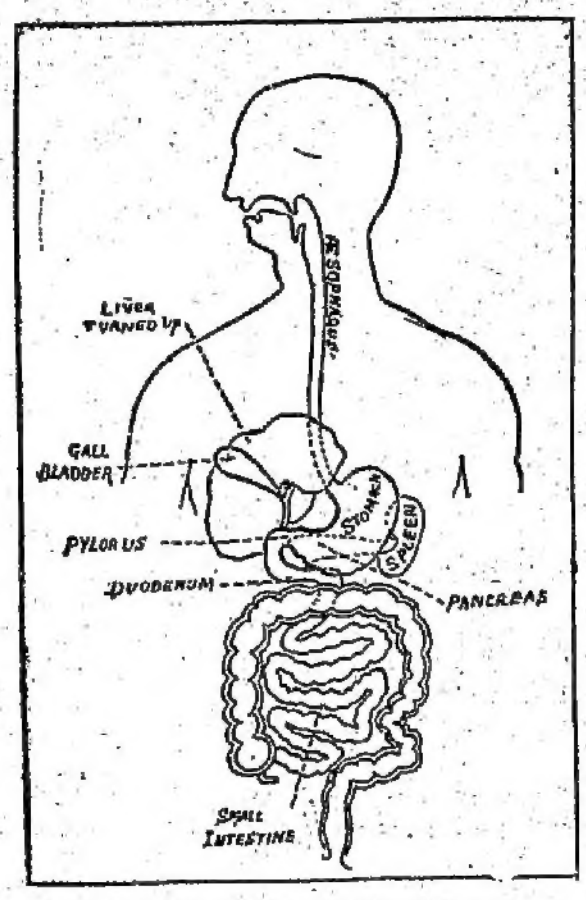
A.—The liver gathers the waste matter of the blood and makes it into bile which is necessary to digest the fat which we eat.

4. Q.—When the food is thoroughly digested, what happens?

A.—It is absorbed into the blood by the blood vessels and lymphatics, and so becomes part of our body.

5. Q.—What becomes of the old material?

A.—That part which the body cannot use for making tissues is cast out through the skin, lungs, kidneys and other organs. If these fail in their duty illness follows, because the waste matter acts as a poison to the whole system.



BLACKBOARD DIAGRAM OF THE DIGESTIVE CANAL—BLAISDELL.

6. What effect has alcohol on the digestion?

A.—Alcohol hinders the digestion. It inflames the stomach, weakens the power of digestion and assimilation, and may produce ulceration and mortification if persistently taken.

7. Q.—What organ of the body is most frequently injured by the use of alcohol?

A.—The liver. Most poisons are deposited in the liver and in the confirmed drunkard the liver is never entirely free from the alcohol poison. It becomes shrunken and hard and rough and sometimes looks as if it had been driven full of round-headed nails.

The Spider Mother.

A gentleman who was very fond of collecting insects for preservation was in the habit of killing them by placing them in alcohol. He inferred that, because they soon became quiet, they had lost all sense of feeling.

One day he had a large mother-spider and twenty-four of her little ones, about the size of black pin-heads, which he wished to preserve. So he put the big spider in the wide-mouthed bottle of alcohol, and watched for a few minutes her writhings and frantic efforts to release herself; but by and by the deadly alcohol wrought its work. She folded her limbs close to her body, and was at rest. The man was glad that her senses were at last benumbed, and proceeded to put in her little children. The instant they touched the liquor they began to manifest great pain. That moment the mother roused herself, and, darting her arms in every direction, gathered them to her bosom, and held them close until death relaxed her grasp. Who can tell the mother love in that poor insect, which even the fumes of alcohol could not deaden?

How different from many human mothers, whose natural affection seems often utterly destroyed by alcohol.

The naturalist learned a lesson by the experiment, and ever after used chloroform in destroying the life of the insects he wished to preserve.—'Youth's Temperance Banner.'

Praying For Papa.

A few nights ago a well-known citizen, who has been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his home and started down town for a night of carousal with some old companions he had promised to meet. His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the past when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty, wilful way for 'papa' to tell her some bedtime stories, but habit was stronger than love for wife or child, and he eluded their tender questioning, by the special sophistries the father of evil advances at such times for his credit fund, and went his way. But when he was blocks distant from his home he found that in changing his coat he had forgotten to remove his wallet, and he could not go on a drinking bout without money, even though he knew that his family needed it, and his wife was economizing every day more and more in order to make up his deficits, and he hurried back and crept softly past the windows of the little home, in order that he might steal in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of either questions or caresses. But something stayed his feet; there was a fire in the grate within—for the night was chill—and it lit up the little parlor and brought out in startling effects the pictures on the wall. But these were nothing to the pictures on the hearth. There, in the soft gloom of the firelight, knelt his little child at her mother's feet, her small hands clasped in prayer, her fair head bowed, and as her rosy lips whispered each word with childish distinctness, the father listened, spellbound to the spot.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Sweet petition! The man himself, who stood there with bearded lips shut tightly together, had said that prayer once at his mother's knee. Where was that mother now? The sunset gates had long ago unbarred to let her pass through. But the child had not finished; he heard her, 'God bless mamma, papa, and my own self,' then there was a pause, and she lifted troubled blue eyes to her mother's face.

'God bless papa,' prompted the mother, softly.

'God bless papa,' lisped the little one.

'And—please send him home sober,'—he could not hear the mother as she said this, but the child followed in a clear, inspired tone:

'God—bless papa—and please—send him—home—sober, Amen.' Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly, but they were not afraid when they saw who it was, returned so soon; but that night, when little Mamie was being tucked up in bed, after such a romp with papa, she said in the sleepiest and most contented of voices:

'Mamma, God answers most as quickly as the telephone, doesn't he?'—American Paper.

'I Have Signed the Pledge.'

By Sallie V. Du Bois.

It was a momentous occasion, and, like many such, had come upon Horace so unexpectedly as to take him completely by surprise. He had not known that this special Thursday evening meeting had been assigned to temperance work, and when the orator took his stand near the pulpit Horace felt disappointed. He was not in need of advice of this sort, as he conscientiously abstained from the use of tobacco and all alcoholic beverages. 'Let each individual wage a war against Bacchus, said the orator. 'Against Bacchus,' mused Horace, 'that means against drinking.' But the orator was so thoroughly in earnest that Horace was not only obliged to give up his musing but also began to feel the great responsibility that rested upon him. 'The strongest foe this country ever had to fight is that of intoxicating drinks.' Horace was appalled, but at the same time filled with strong conviction. From a boy the life of a soldier had seemed desirable, and there was no other play which so well seemed to please his youthful fancy. When he became a soldier of the Cross of Christ in later years, he thought that implied everything connected with Christian work, but here was a part of the warfare which he had not considered. 'Mourn the thousands slain, but reach out a hand of pity to the fallen.' Was it really such serious work? Was there such tremendous evil lurking in the innocent looking wine glass? Horace had never been fully awake on the question before, and was glad to sign his name to the pledge which was presently offered.

'But Horace,' said a schoolmate to whom he related the experience, 'why should you sign the pledge, a fellow who never touches anything.'

'To let the world see where I stand, if for nothing else, Will. A loyal soldier is never ashamed of his colors; some one else may need the stimulous and confidence which my name may bring to help him fight the battle. Then, Will, none of us stand so sure that we may not fall. Often when we think ourselves most secure, is when greatest temptations assault us. I am convinced there is but one safe plan to pursue, and that is, "stop before you begin."'

The day when Horace signed the pledge was a memorable one, and a more fearless and faithful soldier never annexed his name or battled for the weak and fallen in our midst.—'Christian Work.'

LESSON IV.—April 25.

Peter Delivered From Prison.

Acts xii., 5-17. Read whole Chaptor. Commit vs. 7-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.'—Psa. xxxiv., 7.

Home Readings.

M. Acts xi., 1-18.—Peter Reports Cornelius' Conversion.

T. Acts xi., 19-30.—Gentiles Converted at Antioch.

W. Luke ii., 21-35.—Jesus a Light to the Gentiles.

Th. Eph. ii., 1-22.—No more strangers and Foreigners.

F. Acts xii., 1-25.—Peter Delivered from Prison.

S. Ps. xxxiv., 1-22.—'The Righteous Cry, the Lord Heareth.'

S. Ps. cxlv., 1-21.—'The Lord Preserveth them that Love Him.'

Lesson Story.

The Church had now had several years of prosperity and peace. The work at Jerusalem was going on quietly and the Apostles were probably beginning to feel quite secure. But certain influences were at work, the rulers of the Jews were displeased that the Christians should be growing in numbers and encouraged Herod the king to vex them in every way possible. His first act of persecution was to kill the apostle James, the son of Zebedee and brother of John.

Seeing that this act caused anguish to the Christians and pleasure to the Jews, Herod had Peter arrested and put in prison as it was against all traditions to put a man to death during the Passover week.

Peter had been put in prison before this and had escaped (ch. v., 19), so Herod had extra precautions taken to keep him safely. Four quaternions of soldiers were set to guard him in the great strong prison tower. But a mightier force than Herod and his soldiers was at work. A force before which bolts and bars and stone walls were as nothing—the *force* of faith. (Heb. xi., 30.)

'Prayer was made without ceasing,' earnest, fervent, effectual prayer. And God heard and answered. The night before the day on which Peter was to be put to death, very early in the morning, between three and six o'clock, the angel of the Lord came to him and rousing him from his sleep bade him put on his outer garments and follow him.

The shackles fell from his feet and hands, the bolts and bars flew open as they passed, and the angel led the dazed and astonished man through guard rooms to the great iron gate which opened of its own accord to let them through; and having led him through one street, the angel departed, having fulfilled his mission. Peter stood still, once more a free man. After thanking God for his wonderful deliverance, he proceeded to the house of Mary, the mother of John Mark, where many were gathered together praying for Peter.

He knocked at the gate and a girl named Rhoda went to see who was there, but when she saw it was Peter she was so glad that she did not stop to open the gate but ran in to tell the praying ones that their prayer was answered, and Peter stood at the gate. At first they could scarcely believe the good news and thought Rhoda must have been dreaming, or that it was Peter's angel who stood there. But Peter continued to knock and they opened the door. When they found that it was really Peter they could scarcely contain their joy, but he signed to them to keep still while he told how the Lord had delivered him. He told them to let the rest of the brethren know of his marvellous escape. Then he went to another place that Herod might not find him again.

Lesson Hymn.

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the Mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought Mercy-seat.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy-seat.

There is a place where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common Mercy-seat.

Lesson Hints.

Herod Agrippa, who was at this time ruler of Judea under the Emperor Claudius, was the nephew of Herod Antipas who murdered John the Baptist, and grandson of Herod the Great who slaughtered the innocents at Bethlehem. 'Quaternion'—A band of four soldiers.

'Peter was sleeping'—Secure in God's love and care, willing to glorify him by dying a martyr's death if need be. No fear of Peter's denying his Lord now, he has learned more about Jesus since receiving the Holy Spirit which Jesus promised should teach him all things. Peter had learned to trust God and to rest in him, and so could sleep in perfect peace even in the prison cell. 'Between two soldiers'— Bound hand and foot to each. The other two keeping the door of the cell and more guards and keepers in the outer guard rooms. Humanly speaking escape was impossible.

'Angel of the Lord'—Perhaps the same one who brought Peter and John out of the prison eleven or twelve years before, (chap. v., 19). 'A light shined'—a heavenly light. 'Wist not'—Knew not, from old English 'wis,' to know. 'First and second ward'—Guard-rooms with sentinels probably asleep. This must have occurred in the fourth watch, between three and six o'clock, for Peter was not missed until sunrise. 'The iron gate'—Too heavy for Peter to have opened.

'Now I know'—In contrast with 'wist not'—(verse 9).

'John Mark'—Author of the Gospel according to Mark. 'They were astonished'—At the strange way in which their prayers were answered. They had prayed that God's will might be done, and that he would deliver Peter if that would be most glorifying to himself. They had prayed in all faith and fervency but such a gracious direct answer seemed almost too good to be true.

'Beckoning unto them'—Their expressions of joy were so loud that he feared the noise might bring enemies who would speedily drag him back to prison. 'James'—the brother of our Lord.

Search Questions.

1. Give an instance from the Old Testament of an angel being sent to deliver a good man from danger?

2. Is 'Easter' mentioned in any other passage?

Primary Lesson.

Do you know what made the first Easter? Do you remember what happened then? It was the Resurrection day.

Jesus Christ, the Son of God, had died for our sins and his body had lain three days in the grave, but very early in the morning of the first day of the week Jesus rose in triumph over death and the grave, and lives now and always at God's right hand in heaven. That was the first Easter Sunday.

Our lesson to-day is about another Easter Sunday, fourteen years after our Lord's Resurrection and Ascension.

Peter had been seized and put in prison by a wicked king who intended on the day after the Passover feast to have Peter put to death. But very early in the morning as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, Jesus sent an angel to open the prison gates and let Peter out free. Iron bolts and bars and fetters and stone walls were nothing to hinder the Lord who had burst the chains of death and conquered sin and the grave.

The rulers had done everything possible to prevent Peter's escape, chaining him in a dungeon with four soldiers always standing guard over him, just as they had done everything possible to keep Christ's tomb secure. But with God all things are possible, you must never forget that. Nothing is too hard for Jesus. Nothing.

Do you know what a wonderful thing prayer is? It tells in our lesson how the wicked king had made every effort to keep Peter in prison and begins to explain how he could be freed by one little word, 'but.' Peter was kept in prison 'but' prayer was made without ceasing unto God for him. It is as though you might say—'Freddie wanted to take my dollies, "but" I asked mother not to let him.' You would feel so secure because you know your mother will take care of you and your treasures. And we can come to our Father in heaven in just the same way and feel just as secure and happy, because we know he can and will take care of us and give us whatever is really best for us to have.

And now there comes again another glad Easter morning. Do you know of any one who does not rejoice on Easter? There are some hearts that are in prison, Satan has bound them and they do not know of any way to get free. They do not know how Jesus has conquered sin and death and how easily he sets free the prisoners of sin. If you know of some one who does not seem happy this glad Easter day, can you not tell them the sweet Easter story—how Christ is victorious over sin and death and prison bars.

He breaks the power of cancelled sin;
He sets the prisoner free.
His blood can make the vilest clean—
His blood avails for me.

Suggested Hymns.

'What a wonderful Saviour,' 'Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,' 'What various hindrances,' 'God moves in a mysterious way,' 'Oh, God, our help,' 'A shelter in the time of storm,' 'Christ hath broken every chain.'

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC.

April 18.—Different kinds of death and the conquest of them.—1 Cor. xv., 50-58. (An Easter topic.)

JUNIOR PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

April 18.—What did Christ's life and death do for the world?—John 1.,1-18. (An Easter topic.)

Practical Points.

(A. H. Cameron.)

The more bitter our persecution, the more earnest should be our prayers. (verse 5.)

'Man proposes, but God disposes.' (verses 6, and 7.)

If we obey God's minutest orders as well as his greatest commands, we shall be able to recognize his hand in the little affairs of every-day life as well as in the great events of history. (verses 8, 9, and 10.)

Joseph, Jeremiah, Jonah, Daniel, Paul and Silas experienced a similar deliverance, and each recognized the helping hand of God. (verse 11.)

The Lord's speedy answer to prayer exceeded the expectation of the Christians and confirmed their faith. (verses 12 to 16.)

The Lord is given all the credit of Peter's deliverance, and Peter is not afraid to spread the news. (verse 17.)

'Our "Bible Teacher," in speaking of the interest teachers should have in the salvation of their scholars, says:—"He is the pastor of the little company that has been committed to him He is responsible for the kind of teaching they get, and in a sense for their spiritual condition. If he has been a faithful teacher he will know their spiritual status, whether they are converted or not, and what may be their special troubles or perplexities. It should be his special care to get all those who have thus far made no profession of faith to 'step across the line' and decide for Christ. To do so now will save them from a thousand temptations and put their feet into the pathway which, if followed on, leads to everlasting life. The most faithful Church workers are those who have early been brought into a knowledge of the truth, and who in the springtime of life were trained to religious work.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Domestic Science.

The following extracts are from a paper read recently by Dr. Green of Michigan at a Domestic Economy Conference:—

'To-day we find nearly every one of woman's old industries can be carried on much better and more cheaply outside of the home. The modern woman sends out her laundry work, and a great part of her cooking is done outside of the household. The vast quantity of canned goods which now annually floods the markets proves how largely the modern woman avails herself of outside help.

'In fact, about the only occupations which she cannot have better done out of the house are bed-making, dusting, and the washing of dishes and windows. It seems as though she must by this time find her occupation wholly gone, and that she could live a life of ease and idleness. By no means; she has more serious duties confronting her in the household than ever before. But conditions have changed and she must change her tactics in meeting them. Her force is no longer that of muscle but of brains.

'Modern improvements have brought into existence numberless frauds. Of these the housewife must be able to judge, and it requires great ability and special education along household and sanitary lines. She must select her children's food, not from relish, but from the standpoint of health and its after effects upon their systems. To do this she must know food properties, nutritive values, the proportions which combined make a suitable dietary. She must know adulterants, and the dangers which attend their use. She must know why the crust of a loaf or a bit of toast is better for her baby than the half-done inner part of a loaf. She must, in short, be her own hygienist, her own chemist, her own dietist.

'Take the single subject of household sanitation, to which science has been applied since only a recent date. The microscope has revealed the presence of microbes of all sorts and conditions in our water, air and food. It has proven that freezing does not purify water in the least. As a result, to-day every city of any size has its artificial ice manufactories in which it is frozen from distilled water.

'How many typhoid fevers might have been traced to the use of foul ice, we did not know. I know of one village in which the ice supply is obtained from a small creek which runs at the foot of a cemetery hill. Every year this is dammed up at the edge of the cemetery, and from it the ice is cut in the winter. Another, where three slaughter houses are located on the bank of a stream which furnishes ice.

'Our grandmothers would not have remonstrated, but the modern woman is bound to do so as soon as she is educated on scientific lines. She knows that the ice from rivers, ponds or lakes, in which the water is unfit for use, is equally deleterious to health. The old traditions, that freezing purified water, and that a swiftly-running stream, however impure, was rendered harmless after traversing a few miles, are exploded. Science has proven that typhoid fever, tuberculosis and diphtheria may be readily conveyed by water, and through that by milk.

'Another tradition, that water by leaching through soil was cleansed of all impurities, has also given way. Formerly, the location of drains and cesspools was a subject of but little care. Frequently they were in close proximity to wells. Masses of vegetables, kept moist and rotting by the frequent application of kitchen slops, were equally common. To-day we know that these produce disease, and that diseases springing from such causes are wholly preventable.

'We rejoice in wood floors where our mothers had microbe-laden carpets, we sleep on mattresses of woven wire instead of on the dusty old-fashioned feather bed. We no longer close our parlors the year round to keep the flies out. We know that sunshine and air are the best deodorizers and germicides in the world, and we let them in in full measure. The roses fade in the carpets, to be sure, but they bloom perennially in the children's cheeks. Our grandmothers got rid of dust because it betrayed shiftless housekeeping. We dispose of it, because it is filled with germs which menace health.

'She must go a step further and know which foods are best suited to the needs of a laboring man, of a student, or a person of sedentary habits, of a nursing mother, of a lusty half-grown school boy, of a three or four-year-old child. A correct diet is the ounce of prevention, and it will save hundreds of lives, any amount of semi-invalidism, and tons upon tons of patent medicine.

'Only recently a mother with tradition still clinging to her said to me: "My little boy is not strong, and yet I insist upon feeding him the most nourishing foods; in fact, I can get him no longer to even look at beans." Think of that frail little three-year-old stomach wrestling with beans, when bread and milk with egg or a bit of custard should have been the chief foods. His mother might as well have expected him to do the work of a strong adult, as to subsist upon a diet suitable for a man at hard labor.

'The scientific housewife no longer gathers herbs and aromatic bark for root beer in order to cleanse the blood in the spring. Science has taught her that food properly regulated as to quality and quantity will keep the human system in perfect condition, without the aid of any beer or sarsaparilla drugs. Her children are no longer dosed intermittently. She lets them eat, sleep, and play, with a simplicity approaching that of a young animal, and her first efforts, if by chance any of them become ill, are directed toward regulating and lengthening their sleeping hours, and carefully attending to their diet.

'And this is why the modern woman has so stupendous a task. A smattering of knowledge is not enough. She must be skilled in her art, that of housekeeping, or she will be a lamentable failure. Science, fortunately, has come to her rescue, but she in turn has rescued science from the exclusion of the laboratory and the experimental station, and put it where it belongs, in the home.—'American Kitchen Magazine.'

Spring Wisdom.

(By Mary Louise Palmer.)

One is quite prone in the mild, seductive days of early spring to lay aside winter clothing in some measure, change heavy flannels for lighter, discard overcoats and winter wraps when out for walks and drives on bright, sunny days, so tempting and alluring are smiles of spring. But the tried rule is the safe rule. One swallow does not make a summer, nor one week of soft weather in March or April the season.

One can call to mind many instances of sickness and premature death brought on by carelessness against cold in springtime.

The celebrated writer, Louise Alcott, took a short ride one early March day without her sealskin cloak, a sudden cold was contracted resulting in inflammation that caused her death. In her case, as in many similar, it were better to have erred on the safe side. A mild morning may be followed by a sharp wind and chilly air before noon. If one starts out on daily work, errands, pleasure or otherwise, wisdom suggests sufficient clothing, and enough for comfort should change of temperature occur. To be sure, climate and latitude are to be considered, but the fickle spring of New England and northern latitudes at least are within our bound. And the children are not to be overlooked on spring days.

They are delighted to get out. In snowy weather they have been much confined to the house, especially little ones, and now life teems with joy again. Mud pools stand in convenient spots; rivulets trickle down the village street, and little streams course through lanes and dooryards. Inviting, these miniature rivers to youthful feet, and they wade and wander and splash. Possibly the little boots are not tight, or if they are, the clothing may get an extra bath and in places become quite soaked. The pleasant day and soft earth have decoyed them out, but the mother must look well to the return, or a croupy cough may rouse her slumbers, or a sore throat or pneumonia result. Soft airs and warm days refresh the senses in early spring, but it is not best to trust them too securely.

All rejoice in springtime—old and young, father and mother, as well as children. There is promise in the whispering breeze, joy of bud and blossom in the coming day. Bryant, that poet of nature, thus speaks of the first coming month:

'For thou to Northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou has joined the gentle train
And wearest the gentle name of Spring.'

And it is just this 'gentle name of spring' that brings us to hard prose again, since there are dangers that lurk, beside those depending on fickle rain and shine. The garbage barrel, refuse heap of the back yard, stagnant pools already thick and slimy, sending out poison when the sun shines—these demand attention in spring. And the cellar! It is a subject often in print, and doubtless often carelessly read, if at all, but the fact remains. And if decaying vegetables are there they should be removed and all traces cleaned thoroughly. It is well at general housecleaning to begin with the cellar. Clean and sweeten the foundation before proceeding further. Liberal lime wash will work wonders by way of cleansing as well as cleaning. Purify the air below if you would keep the air sweet above. No home is exempt from the caution I have mentioned although degrees of danger differ.

And there is another subject to be considered in springtime, as in all other times, bearing directly on health, that of diet. I suppose proper diet at this season would do away with much of the so-called spring medicine, also some forms of disease and illness.

The acid and more succulent foods are more grateful now, and better supply a demand of the system. Heavier articles, fats and oily foods that supplied carbon in cold winter weather, had better not be eaten now. An intelligent mother will look to the ways of her table, thereby saving her family wisely and well. As spring advances and early vegetables reach market, it is not always an extravagance to place them freely on the table. If it wards off a doctor's bill it is not costly.—'Christian Work.'

Selected Recipes.

Tomato Beef.—Cut in pieces three pounds of lean beef and stew slowly with eight medium-sized tomatoes, a clove, and a chopped onion. Before taking up add salt, pepper and a little butter. To warm over, mince the beef, heat in the gravy and pour over buttered toast.

Brown Scallops.—Mince cold roast beef very fine, fat and lean; season with salt, pepper, a little chopped onion, and moisten with the gravy. Fill the tins half or two-thirds full, and cover to the top with mashed potato, moistened with cream. Dent the top a little, lay on a piece of butter and brown in the oven. Both the meat mixture and the potato should be hot before filling the scallops.

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.')

Sir,—I am in receipt of your letter and 'Northern Messengers.' The latter have been distributed among our W. C. T. U. and Band of Hope members. It is a splendid little paper and I hope it will be largely used in our temperance work.

L. V. SPENCE,
Central W. C. T. U.

Toronto, March 26, 1897.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.')

Sir,—You will find enclosed thirty cents for the 'Messenger.' I would not give it up or exchange it for any other paper; it is the best I ever read for the price. We all like it very much.

BERTHA E. JOHNSON.

Simcoe, Ont., March 26, 1897.

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more to different addresses, 25c each.

Ten or more to one address, 20c each.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy: United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouses Point, N.Y.; or Express Money Order payable at Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the Editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'